Deare Lord of that deare iewell I haue loſt,
VVhat legacie ſhall I bequeath to thee?
My reſolution loue ſhall be thy boſt,
By whoſe example thou reueng'd mayſt be.
How TARQVIN muſt be vſ'd, read it in me,
  My ſelfe thy friend will kill my ſelfe thy foe,
  And for my ſake ſerue thou falſe TARQVIN ſo.

This briefe abridgement of my will I make,
My ſoule and bodie to the skies and ground:
My reſolution Husband doe thou take,
Mine Honor be the knifes that makes my wound,
My ſhame be his that did my Fame confound;
  And all my Fame that liues diſburſed be,
  To thoſe that liue and thinke no ſhame of me.

Thou COLATINE ſhalt ouerſee this will,
How was I ouerſeene that thou ſhalt ſee it?
My bloud ſhall waſh the ſclander of mine ill,
My liues foule deed my lifes faire end ſhall free it.
Faint not faint heart, but ſtoutlie ſay ſo be it,
  Yeeld to my hand, my hand ſhall conquer thee,
  Thou dead, both die, and both ſhall victors be.